

O WAT YE WHA'S IN YON TOWN?

AND

OPEN THE DOOR TO ME, OH!

TWO

FAVOURITE SONGS.

BY

ROBERT BURNS.

WITH

THREE OTHER FAVOURITE SONGS.

*O sweet is she in yon town,
The sinking sun's gaun' down upon.
The dearest maid's in yon town,
His setting beam e'er shone upon.*

BURNS.

GLASGOW:

PRINTED FOR AND SOLD BY

Brash & Reid.

O WAT YE WHA'S IN YON TOWN?

 BY ROBERT BURNS.

I.

O WAT ye wha's in yon town,
 Ye see the e'ening sun upon?
 The dearest maid's in yon town,
 That e'ening sun is shining on.

II.

Now haply, down yon gay green shaw,
 She wanders by yon spreading tree,
 How blest ye flow'rs that round her blaw!
 Ye catch the glances o' her ee.

III.

How blest ye birds that round her sing,
 And wanton in the blooming year:
 But doubly welcome be the spring,
 The season to my Jeanie dear.

IV.

The sun blinks blyth on yon town,
 Among the broomy braes fae green;
 But my delight in yon town,
 And dearest pleasure, is my Jean.

V.

Without my fair not a' the charms
 O' paradise could yield me joy;
 But gie me Jeanie in my arms;
 And welcome Lapland's dreary sky.

VI.

My cave would be a lover's bower,
 Though raging winter rent the air,
 And she a lovely little flower
 That I would tent and shelter there.

VII.

O sweet is she in yon town
 The sinking sun's-gaun down upon.
 The dearest maid's in yon town
 His setting beam e'er shone upon.

VIII.

If angry fate be sworn my foe,
 And suff'ring, I am doom'd to bear,
 I'd careless quit ought else below:
 But spare, oh! spare my Jeanie dear.

IX.

For while life's dearest blood runs warm,
 My thoughts frae her shall ne'er depart;
 For as most lovely is her form,
 She has the truest, kindest heart.

OPEN THE DOOR TO ME, OH!

 BY ROBERT BURNS.

I.

OH, open the door, some pity to shew,
 Oh, open the door to me, Oh!
 Though thou hast been false, I'll ever prove true,
 Oh, open the door to me, Oh.

II.

Oh, cold is the blast upon my pale cheek,
 But colder thy love for me, Oh:
 The frost that freezes the life at my breast,
 Is nought to my pains from thee, Oh.

III.

The wan moon is setting behind the white wave,
 And time is setting with me, Oh:
 False friends, false love, farewell! for more,
 I'll ne'er trouble them, nor thee, Oh.

IV.

She has open'd the door, she has open'd it wide,
 She sees his pale corse on the plain, Oh:
 My true love! she cried, and sunk down by his side
 Never to rise again, Oh!

SWEET ANNIE FRAE THE SEA-BEACH CAME.

I.

SWEET Annie frae the sea-beach came,
Where Jocky speel'd the vessel's side;
Ah! who can keep their heart at hame,
When Jocky's toft aboon the tide:

II.

Far aff to distant realms he gangs,
Yet I'll be true as he has been;
And when ilk lafs about him thrangs,
He'll think on Annie, his faithful ain.

III.

I met our wealthy laird yestreen,
Wi' gowd in hand he tempted me,
He prais'd my brow, my rolling een,
And made a brag of what he'd gie:

IV.

What though my Jocky's far away
Toft up and down the awfome main,
I'll keep my heart another day,
Since Jocky may return again.

V.

Nae mair, false Jamie, sing nae mair,
And fairly cast your pipe away;
My Jocky wad be troubled fair,
To see his friend his love betray;

VI.

For a' your songs and verse are vain,
 While Jocky's notes do faithful flow,
 My heart to him shall true remain,
 I'll keep it for my constant jo.

VII.

Blaw fast, ye gales, round Jocky's head,
 And gar your waves be calm and stilk
 His hameward sail with breezes speed,
 And dinna a' my pleasure spill:

VIII.

What though my Jocky's far away,
 Yet he will braw in filler shine;
 I'll keep my heart anither day,
 Since Jocky may again be mine.

ENGLISH VERSES,

BY COLLINS,

TO THE FOREGOING AIR.

I.

TO fair Fidele's grassy tomb,
 Soft maids and village-hinds shall bring
 Each op'ning sweet of earliest bloom,
 And rise all the breathing spring.

II.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
 To vex with shrieks this quiet grove;
 But shepherd lads assemble here,
 And melting virgins own their love.

III.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
 No goblins lead their nightly crew;
 But female fays shall haunt the green,
 And dress thy grave with pearly dew.

IV.

The red-breast oft at ev'ning hours
 Shall kindly lend his little aid,
 With hoary moss and gather'd flow'rs,
 To deck the ground where thou art laid.

V.

When howling winds and beating rain
 In tempests shake the sylvan cell;
 Or midst the chace upon the plain,
 The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

VI.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
 For thee the tear be duly shed;
 Belov'd till life can charm no more,
 And mourn'd till pity's self be dead.

SHEPHERDS, I HAVE LOST MY LOVE.

AIR.—THE BANKS OF BANNA.

I.

SHEPHERDS, I have lost my love;
Have you seen my Anna?
Pride of ev'ry shady grove,
Upon the banks of Banna!

II.

I for her my home forsook,
Near yon misty mountain;
Left my flock, my pipe, my crook,
Greenwood shade, and fountain.

III.

Never shall I see them more
Until her returning;
All the joys of life are o'er,
From gladness chang'd to mourning.

IV.

Whither is my charmer flown?
Shepherds, tell me whither?
Ah! woe for me, perhaps she's gone
For ever and for ever.

FINIS

